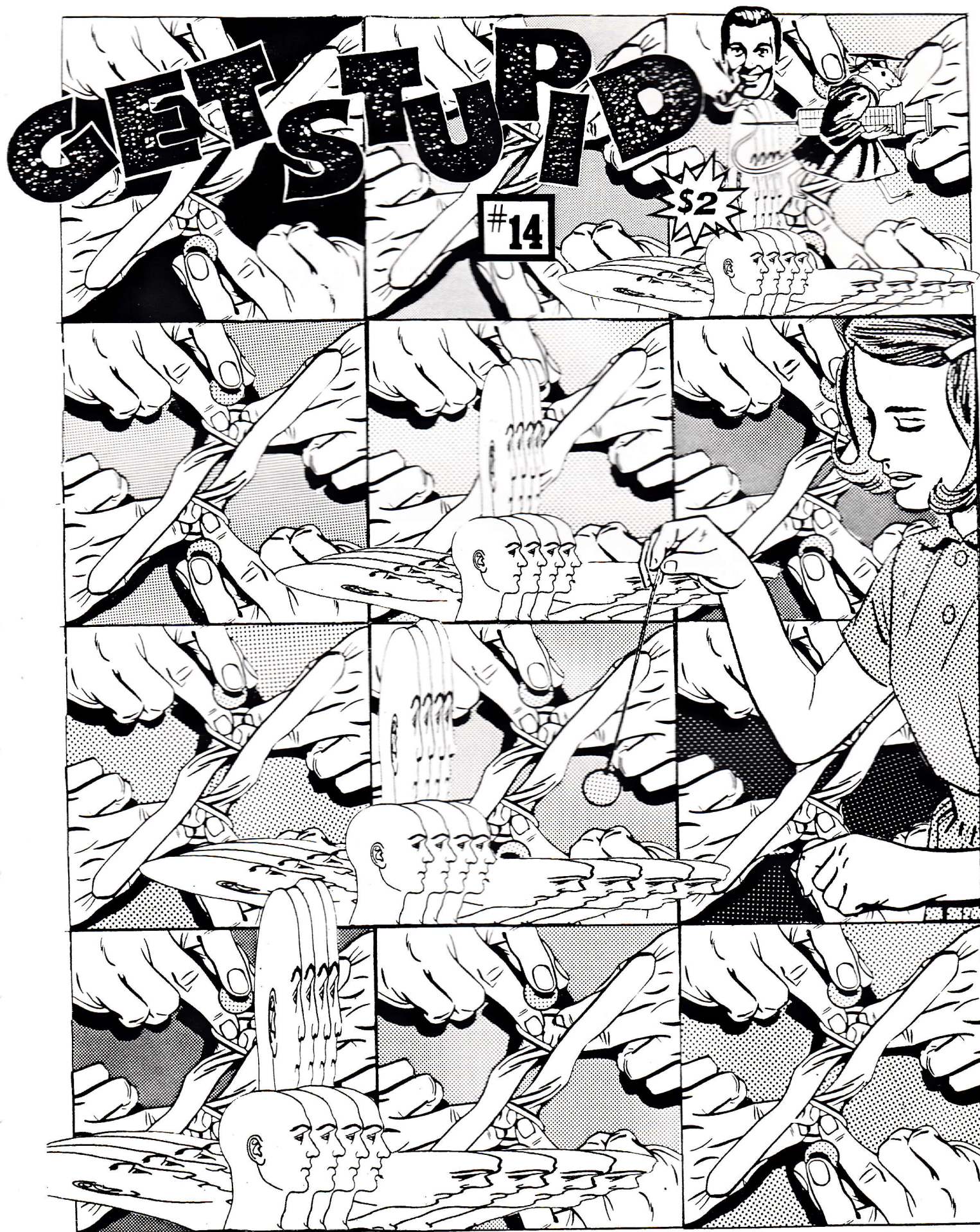
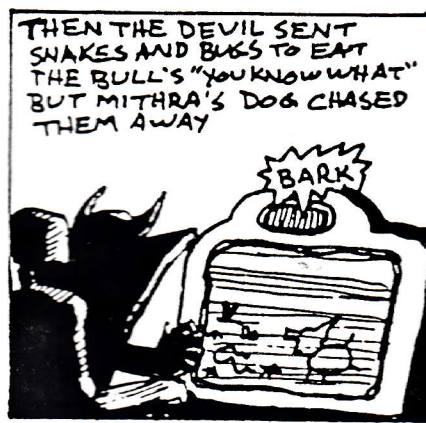
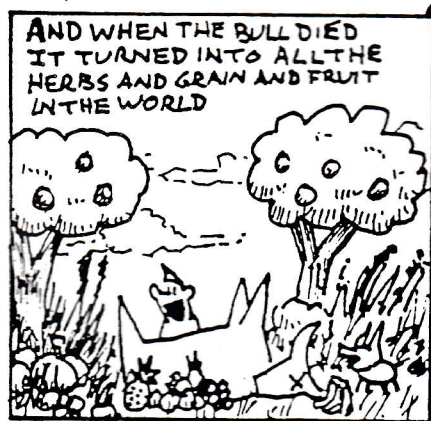
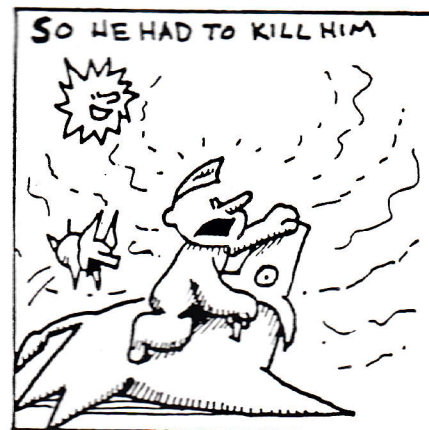
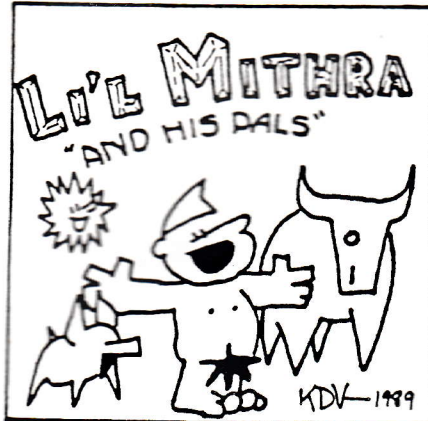
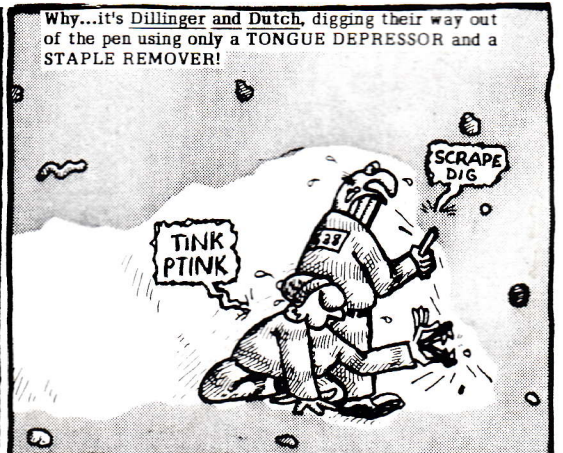
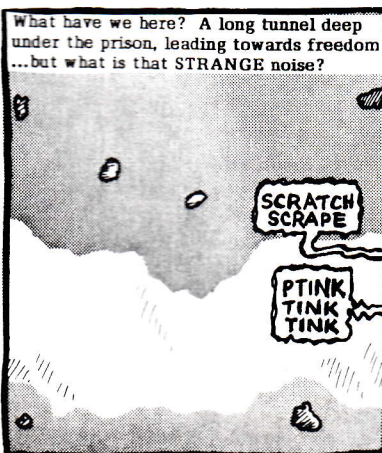
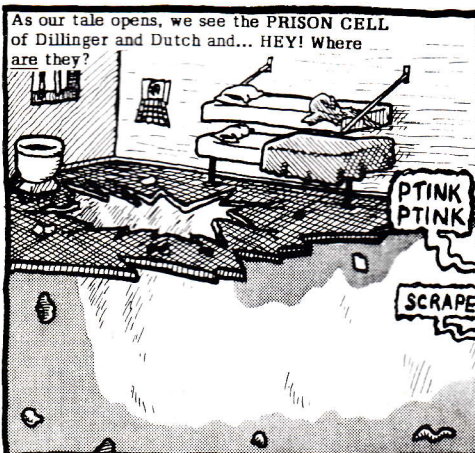
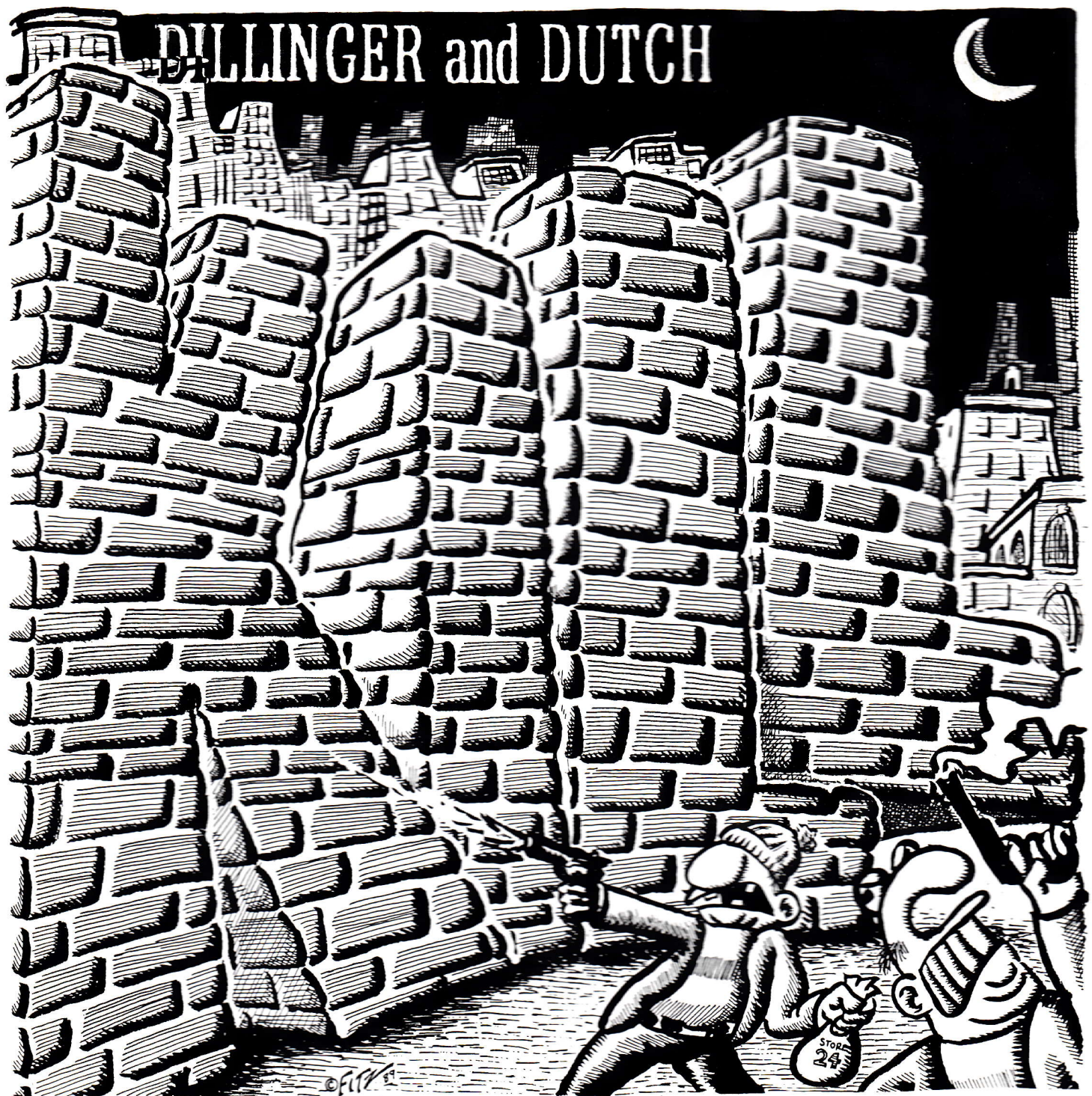
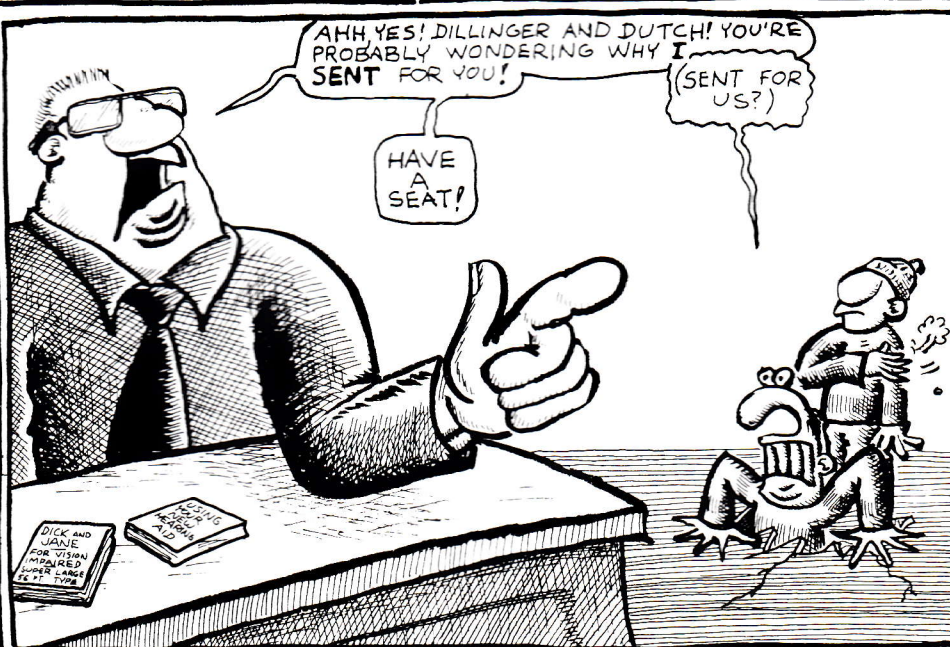
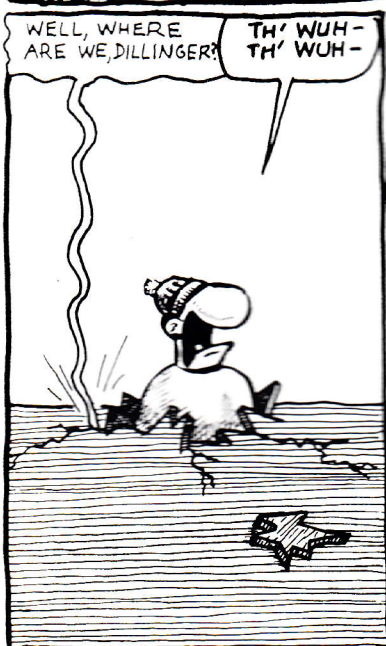


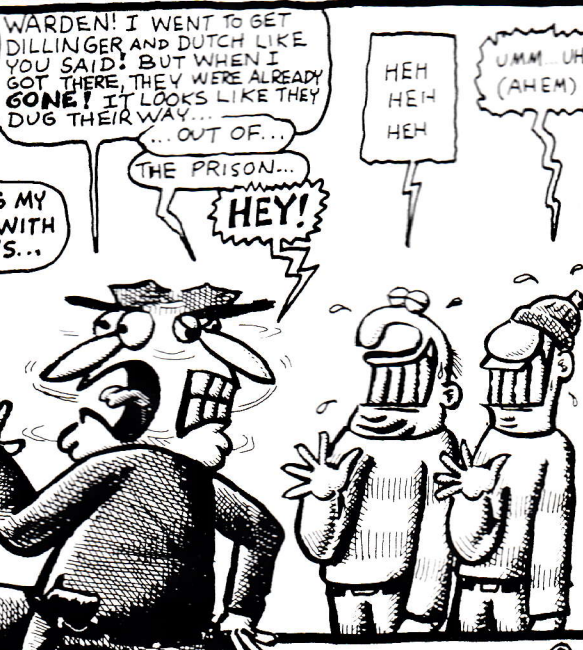
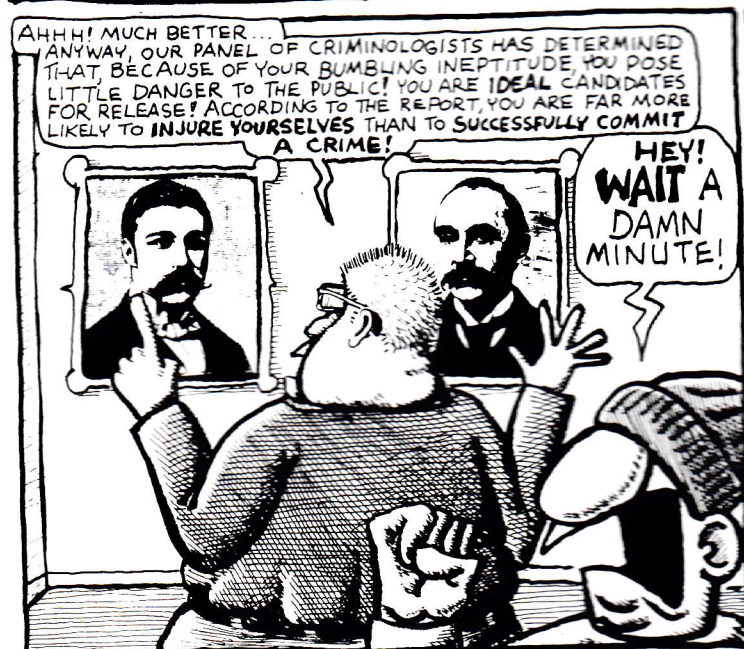




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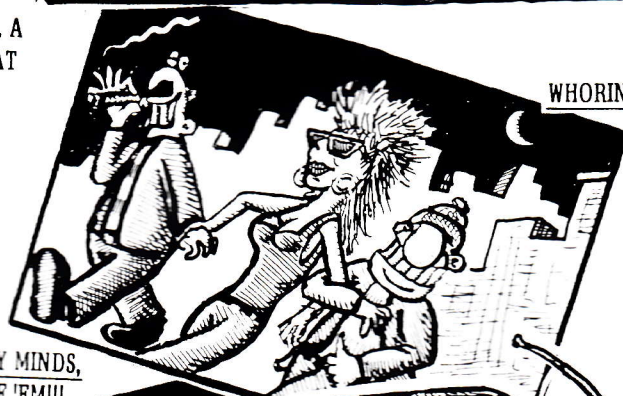


...AND SO IT BEGINS... A CRAZY PARTY THAT CONTINUES FOR THREE DAYS!

DRINKING!

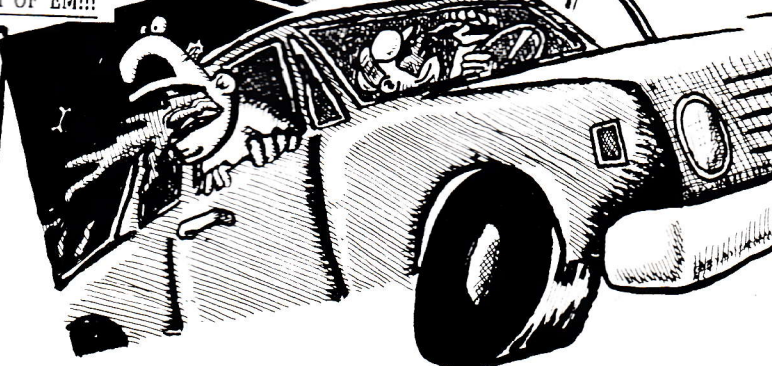
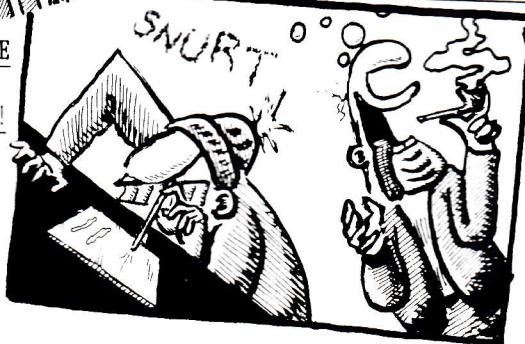


WHORING!

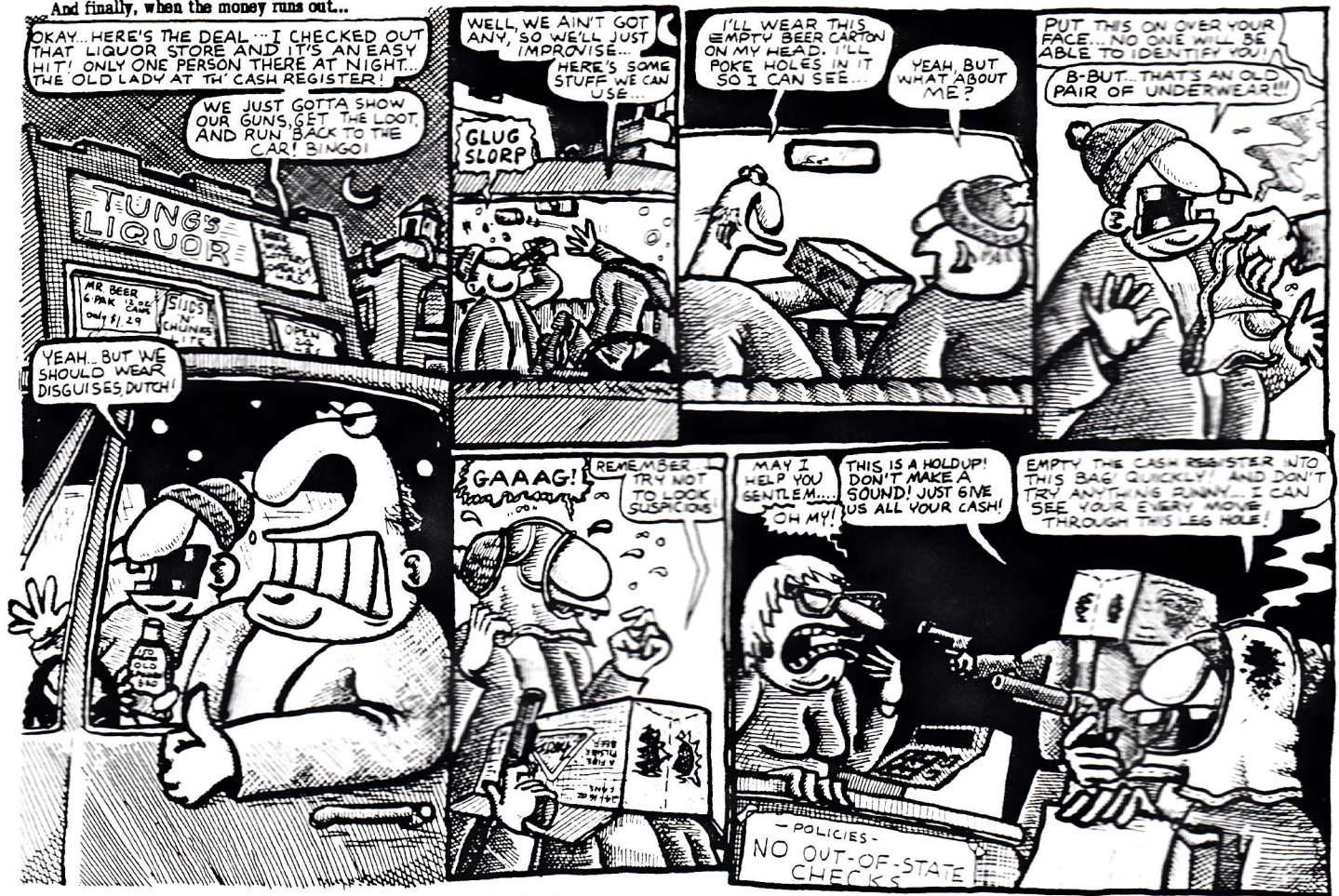


IF THEY HAD ANY MINDS, THEY'D BE OUT OF 'EM!!!

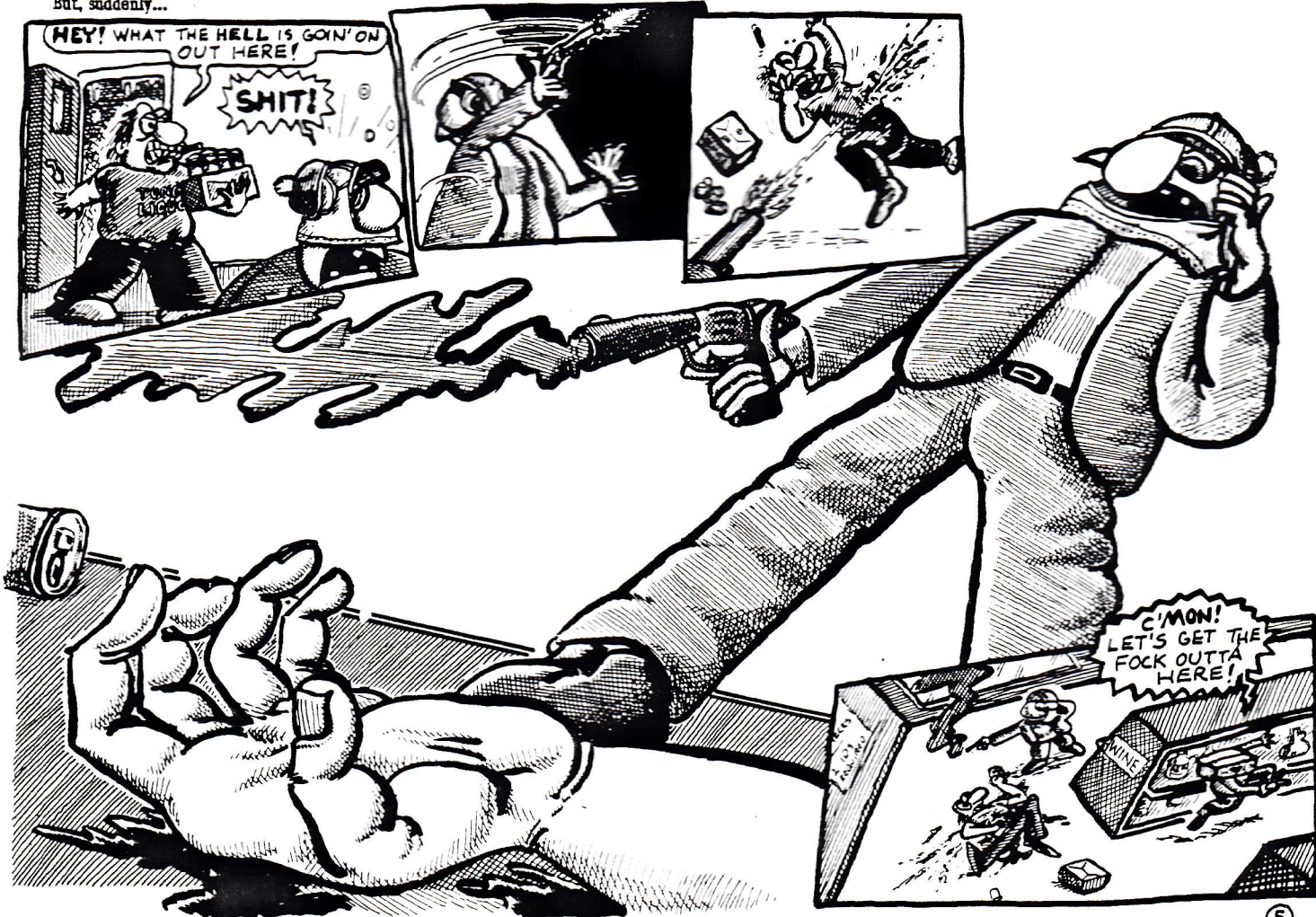
BURNING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS!!!

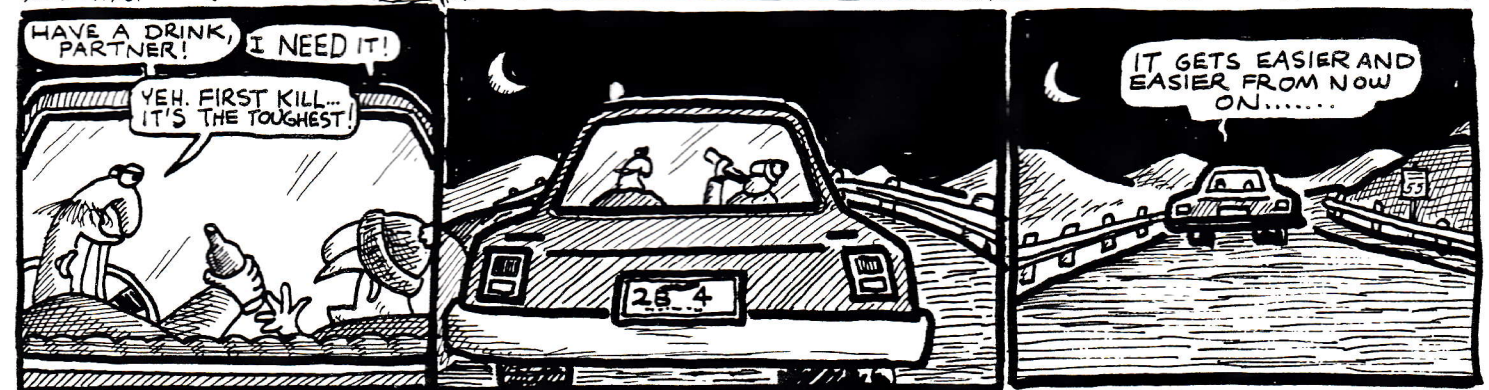
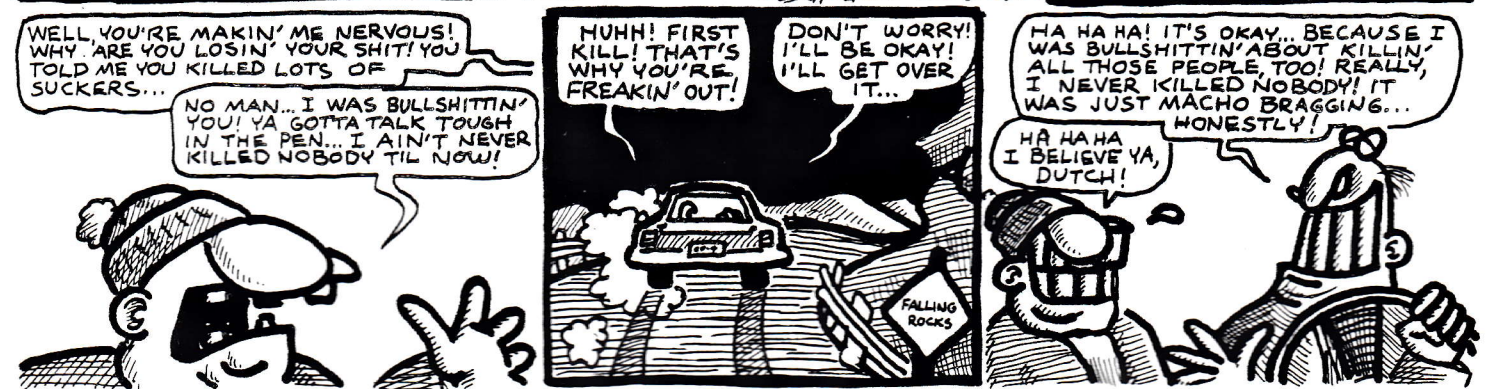
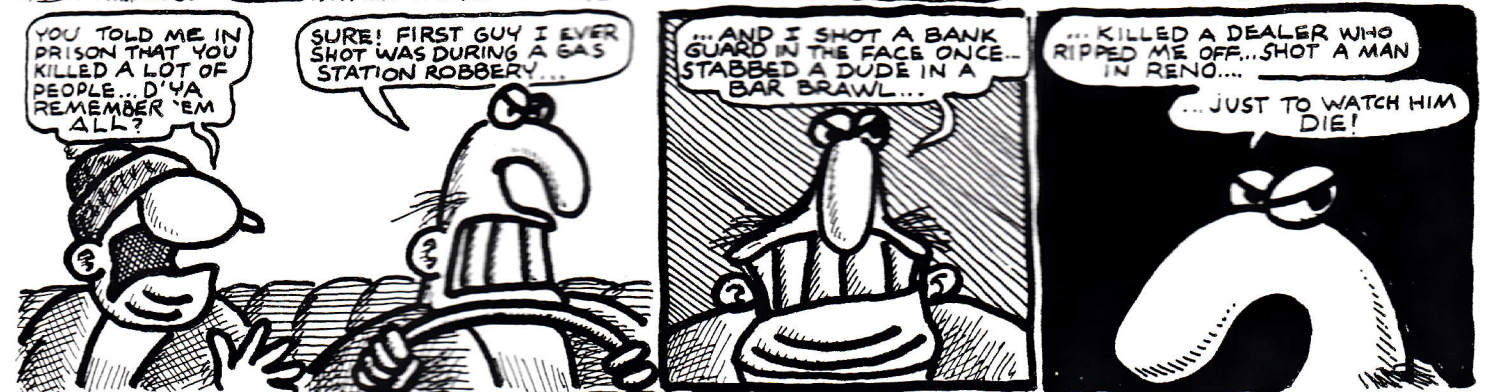


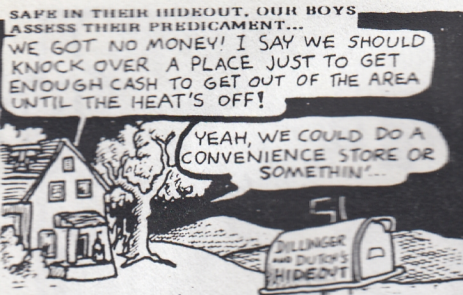
And finally, when the money runs out...



But, suddenly...

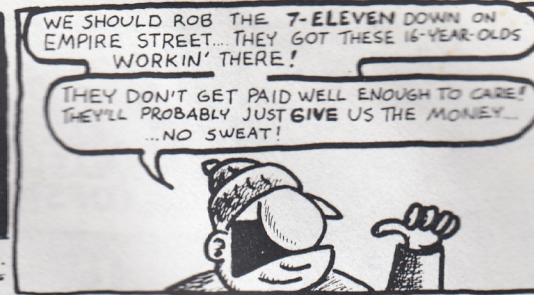






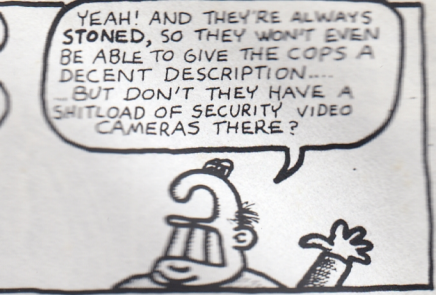
SAFE IN THEIR HIDEOUT, OUR BOYS ASSESS THEIR PREDICAMENT... WE GOT NO MONEY! I SAY WE SHOULD KNOCK OVER A PLACE JUST TO GET ENOUGH CASH TO GET OUT OF THE AREA UNTIL THE HEAT'S OFF!

YEAH, WE COULD DO A CONVENIENCE STORE OR SOMETHIN'...

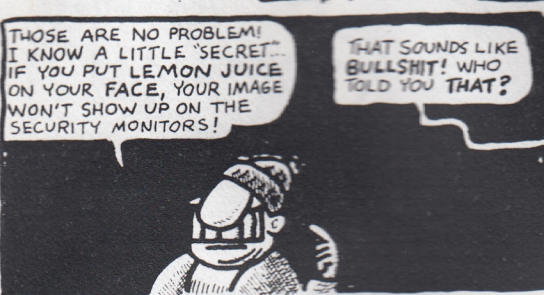


WE SHOULD ROB THE 7-ELEVEN DOWN ON EMPIRE STREET... THEY GOT THESE 16-YEAR-OLDS WORKIN' THERE!

THEY DON'T GET PAID WELL ENOUGH TO CARE! THEY'LL PROBABLY JUST GIVE US THE MONEY... NO SWEAT!

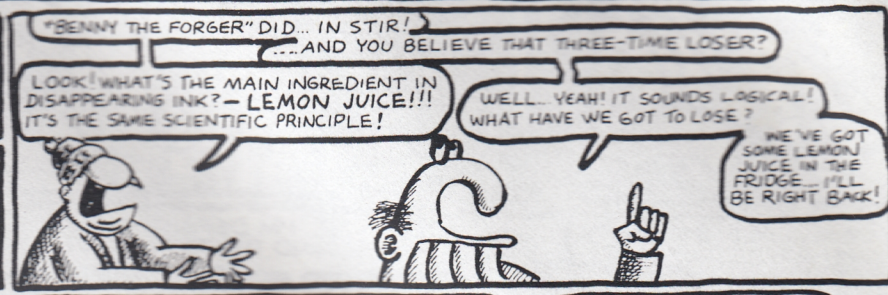


YEAH! I AND THEY'RE ALWAYS STONED, SO THEY WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO GIVE THE COPS A DECENT DESCRIPTION... BUT DON'T THEY HAVE A SHITLOAD OF SECURITY VIDEO CAMERAS THERE?



THOSE ARE NO PROBLEM! I KNOW A LITTLE "SECRET" IF YOU PUT LEMON JUICE ON YOUR FACE, YOUR IMAGE WON'T SHOW UP ON THE SECURITY MONITORS!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT! WHO TOLD YOU THAT?

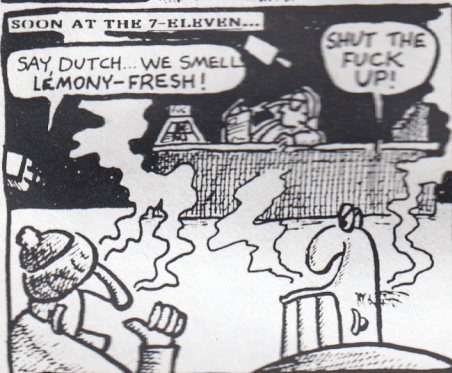


"BENNY THE FORGER" DID... IN STIR! ...AND YOU BELIEVE THAT THREE-TIME LOSER?

LOOK! WHAT'S THE MAIN INGREDIENT IN DISAPPEARING INK? - LEMON JUICE!!! IT'S THE SAME SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE!

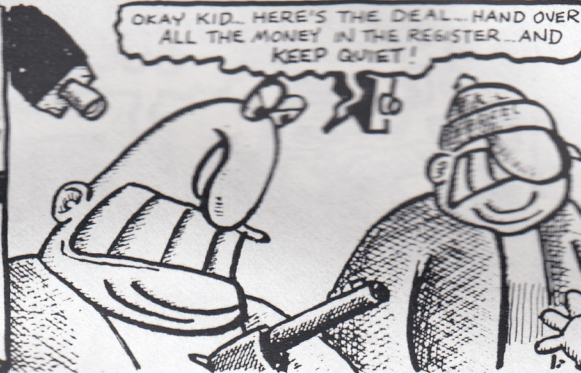
WELL... YEAH! IT SOUNDS LOGICAL! WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO LOSE?

WE'VE GOT SOME LEMON JUICE IN THE FRIDGE... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



SOON AT THE 7-ELEVEN... SAY, DUTCH... WE SMELL LEMONY-FRESH!

SHUT THE FUCK UP!



OKAY KID... HERE'S THE DEAL... HAND OVER ALL THE MONEY IN THE REGISTER... AND KEEP QUIET!

DO IT... OR YOU'RE DEAD MEAT!

HEY, DUDE... NO NEED FOR THAT... I'LL BE GLAD TO FORK OVER THE CASH!

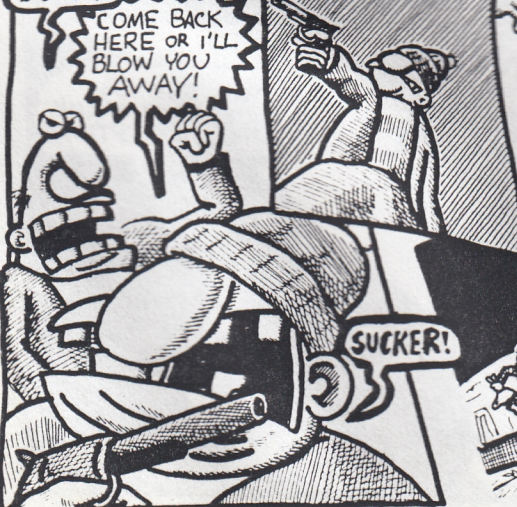


YOU GUYS WANT A BAG FOR THIS? SAY, YOU SMELL LEMONY-FRESH!

STUFF CRAM

SHUT UP! SHUT UP! DON'T EVER TELL US THAT!

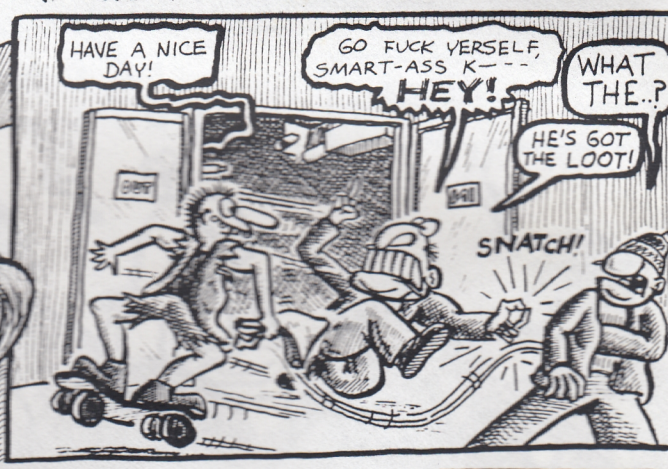
WHOA! SORRY DUDE! I DIDN'T MEAN IT!



GODDAMN KIDS THESE DAYS! I SWEAR...

COME BACK HERE OR I'LL BLOW YOU AWAY!

SUCKER!



HAVE A NICE DAY!

GO FUCK YOURSELF, SMART-ASS K--- HEY!

WHAT THE..?

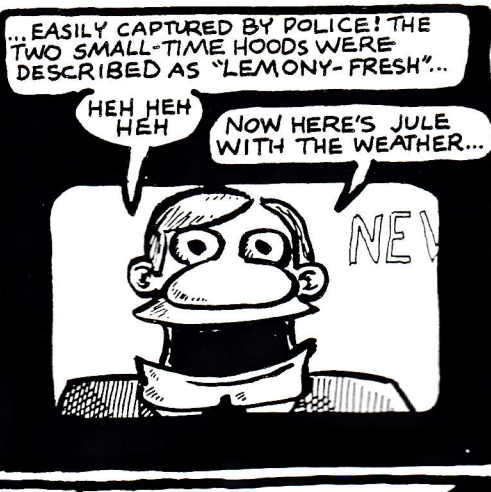
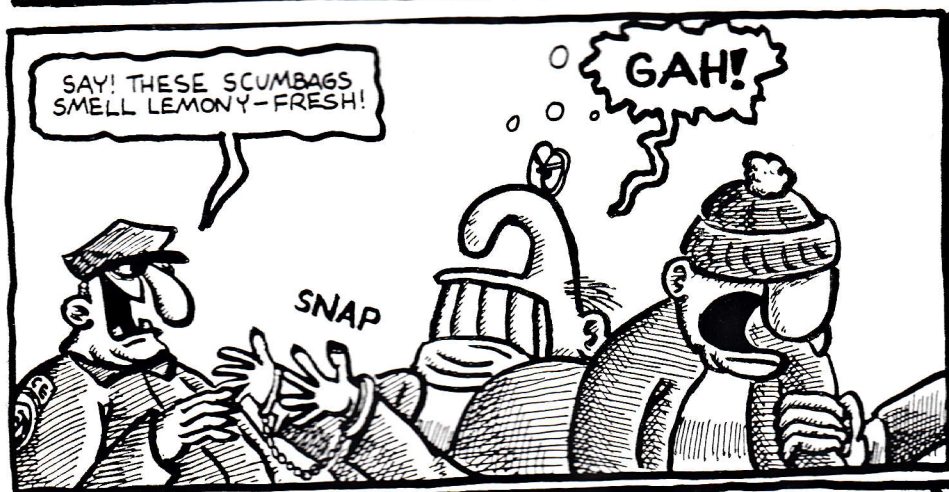
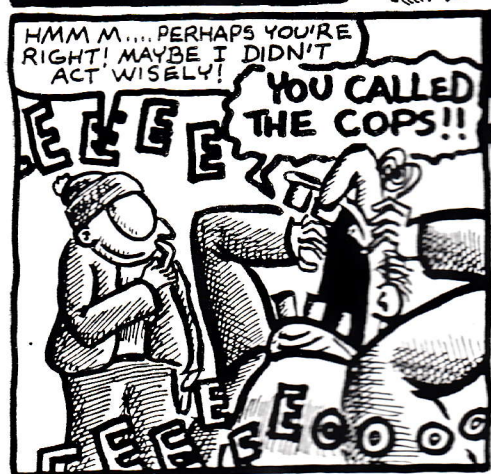
HE'S GOT THE LOOT!

SNATCH!

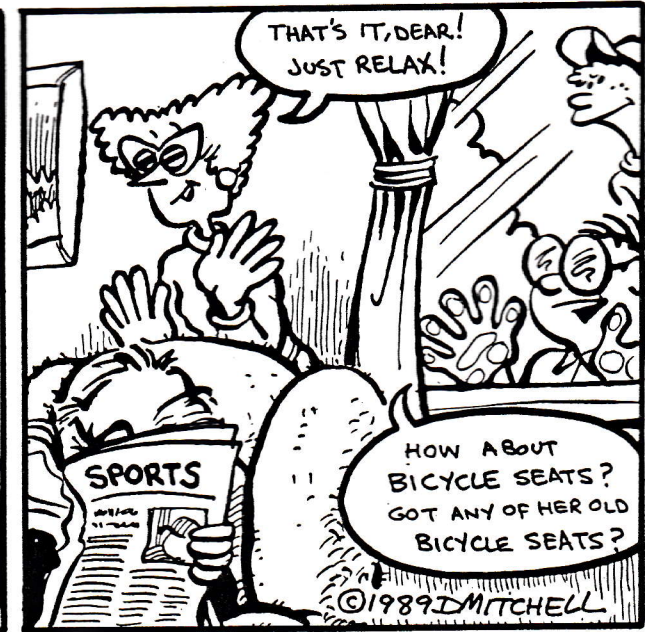
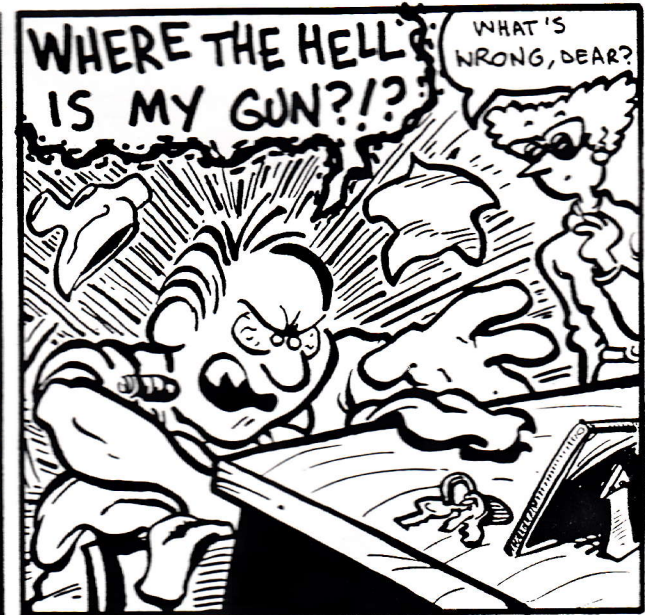


SHIT! MY GUN... IT'S JAMMED OR SOMETHIN'!

HE'S GONE! SHIT!!!



FUN WITH THOSE PERVERTS BY DAVE MITCHELL





FUCKING



SHITTING

SEMI-MEN IN THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS



EATING



FIGHTING

It all started in

1960

BY

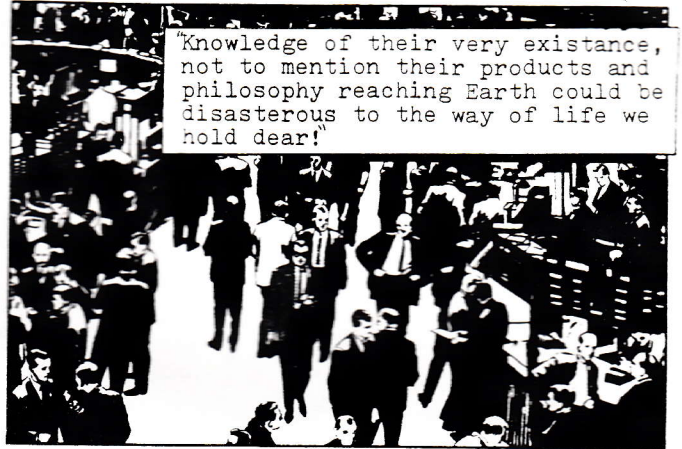
Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger



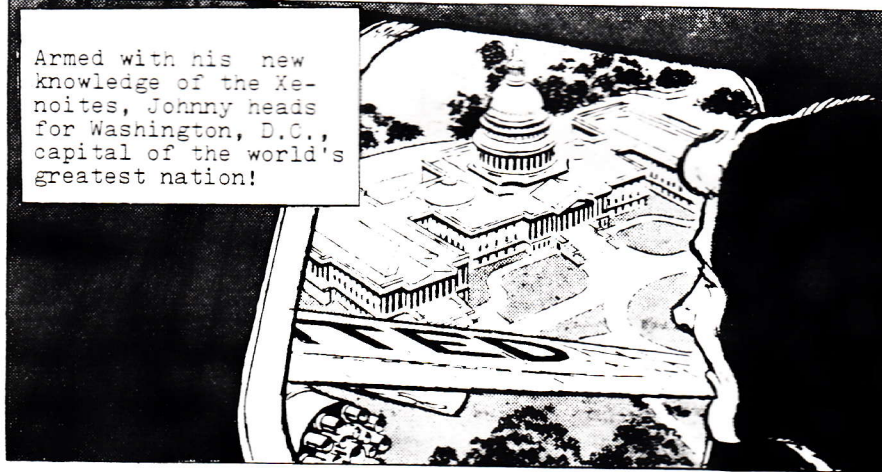
Well, studies indicate that, although highly technically advanced, the Xenotes are entirely pacifistic. our own defenses would be more than adequate against them, but their IDEAS could bring an end to our civilization.



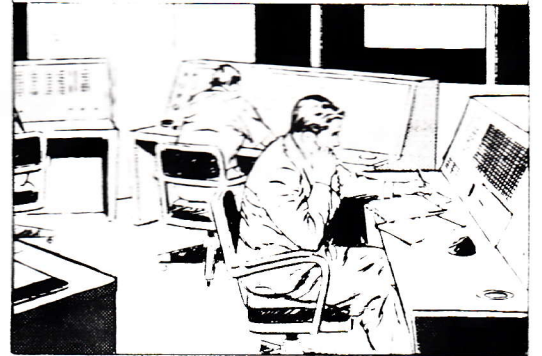
"Knowledge of their very existence, not to mention their products and philosophy reaching Earth could be disastrous to the way of life we hold dear!"



Armed with his new knowledge of the Xenotes, Johnny heads for Washington, D.C., capital of the world's greatest nation!



Upon arrival he heads for the F.B.I. communications center to propose his idea to J. Edgar Hoover!



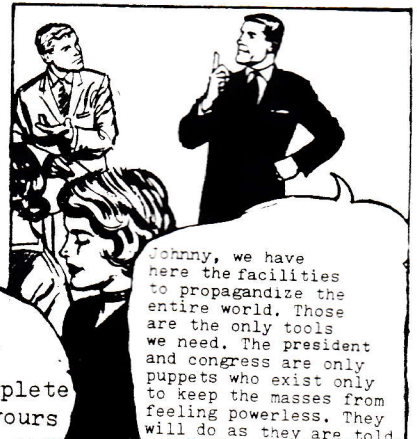
Johnny outlines his plan to J. Edgar Hoover, director of the F.B.I.

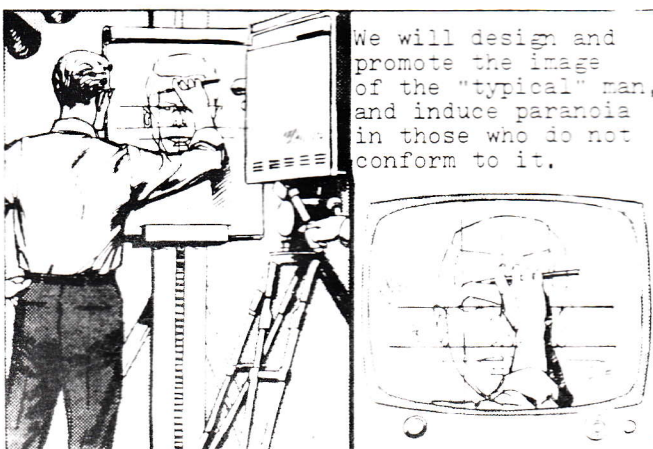
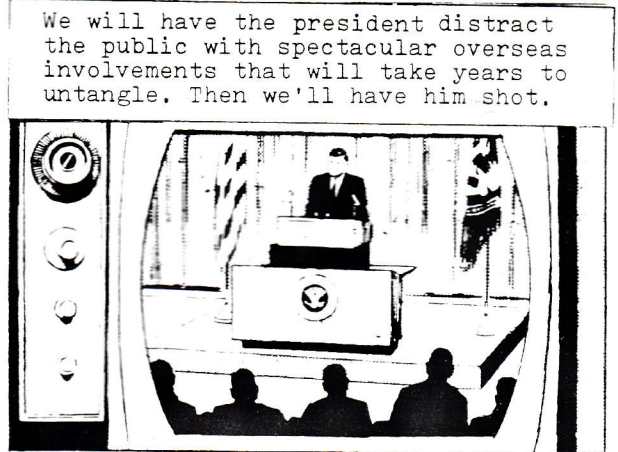
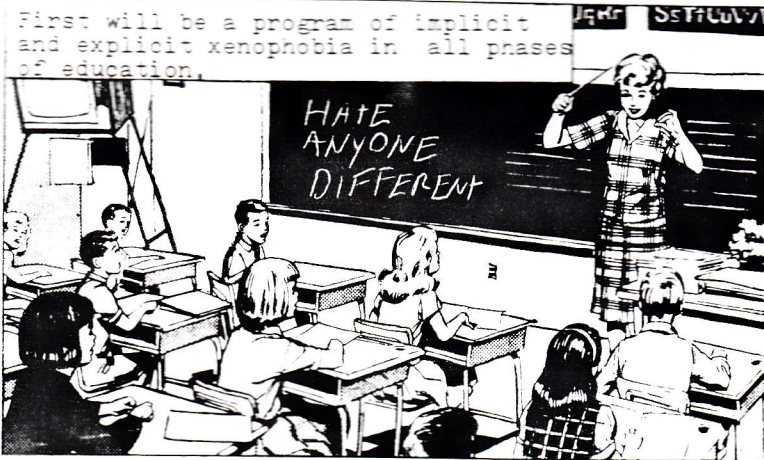
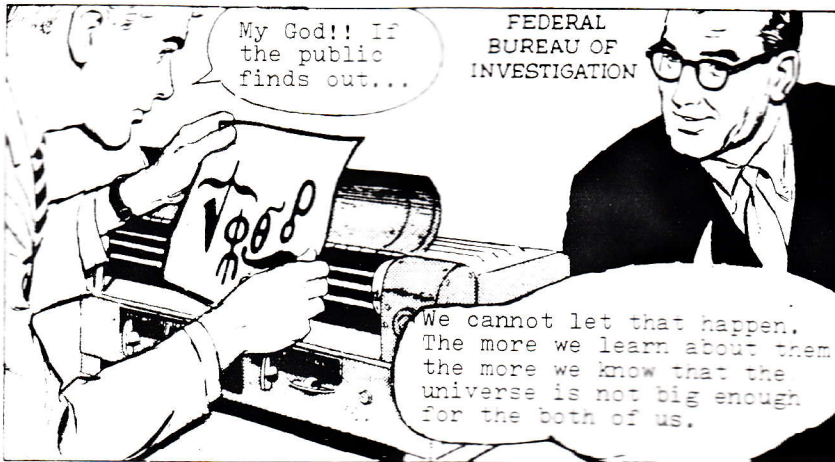
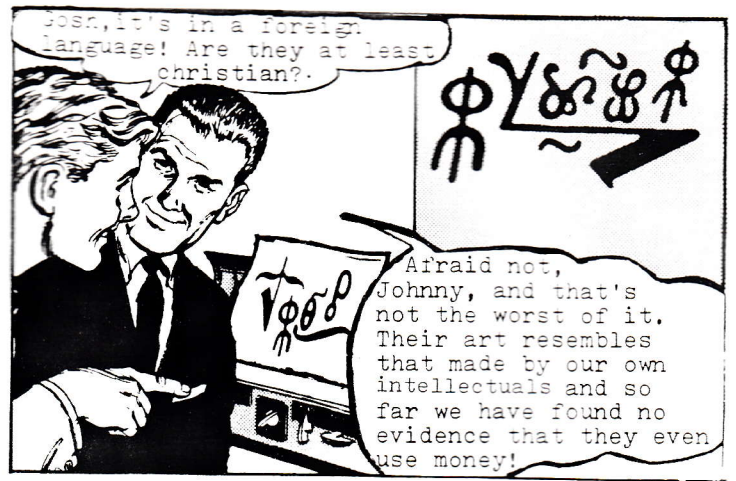
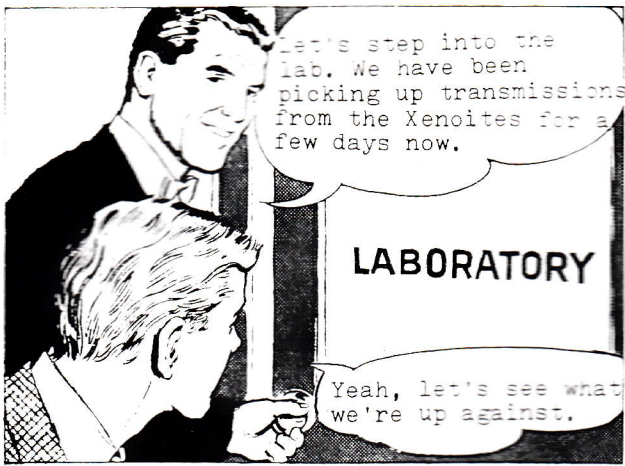
So, there you have it Mr. Hoover, what do you say?

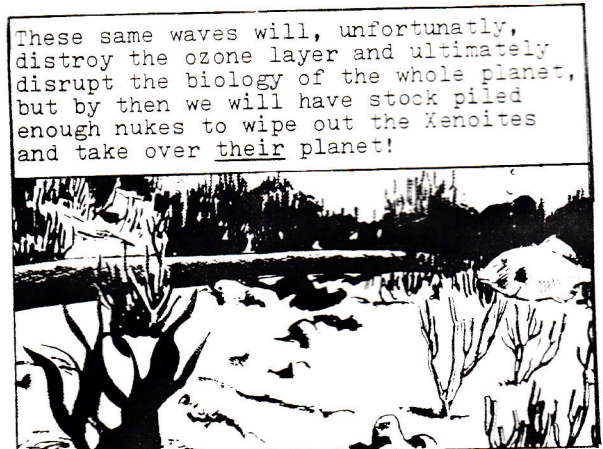
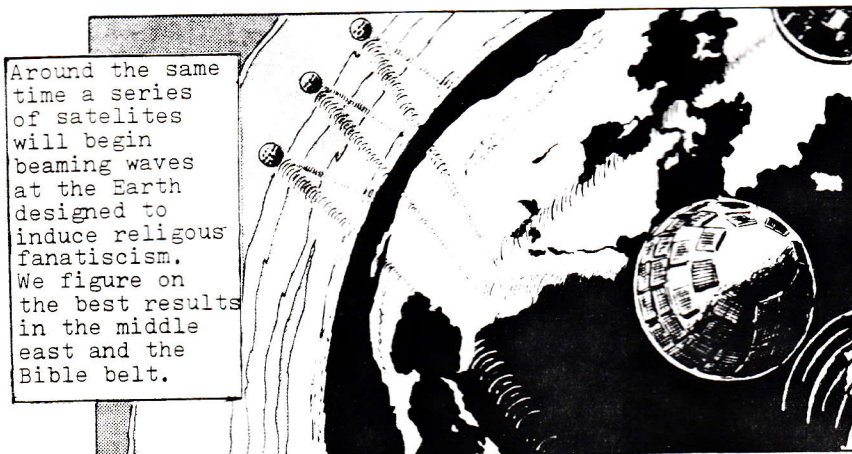
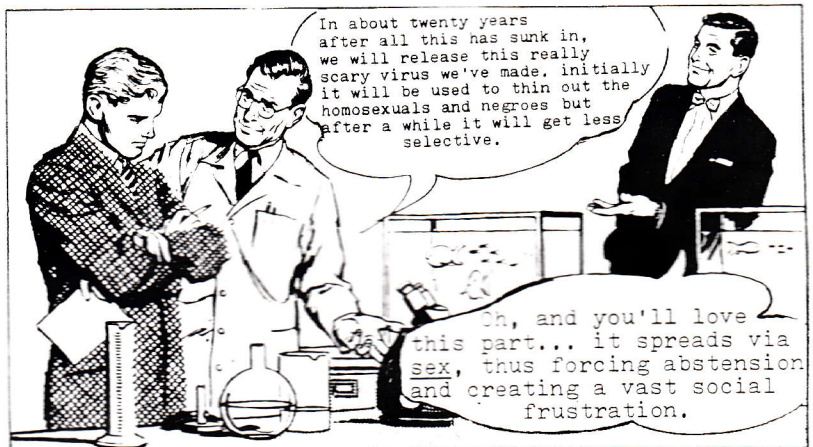
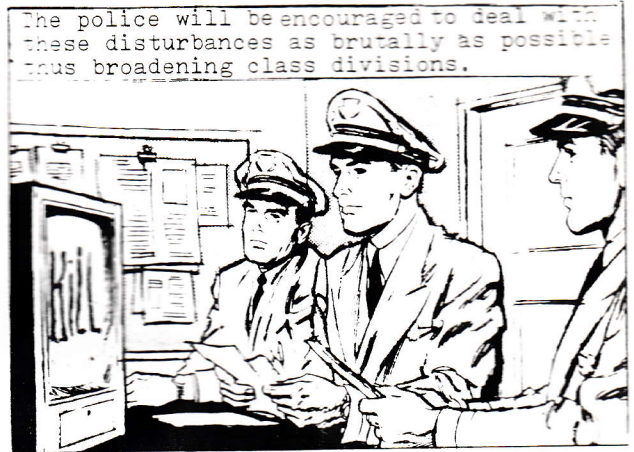
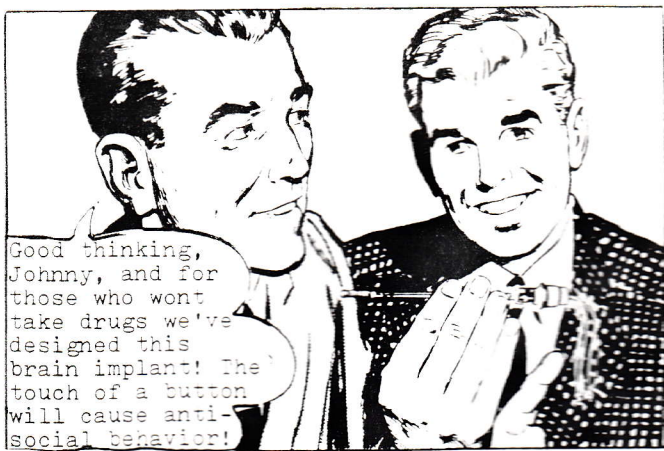
Johnny, this looks like the greatest threat the world has ever faced, and I fully endorse your program. The complete resources of the F.B.I. are yours to command.

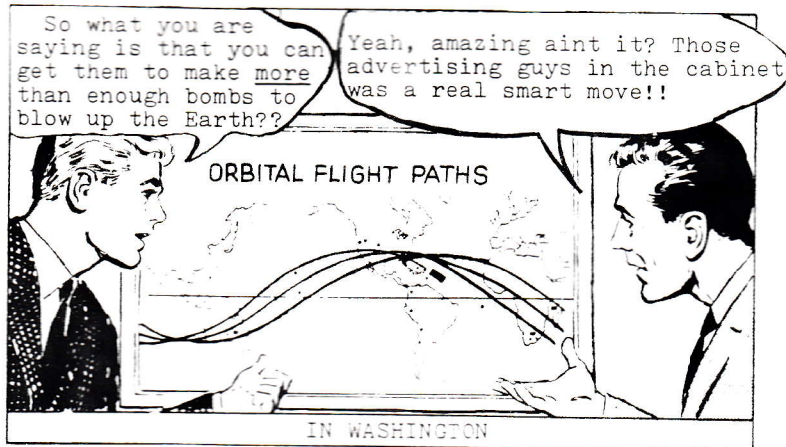
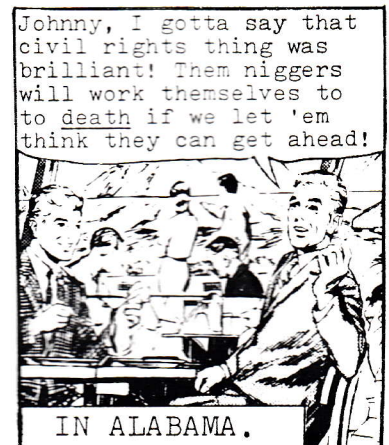
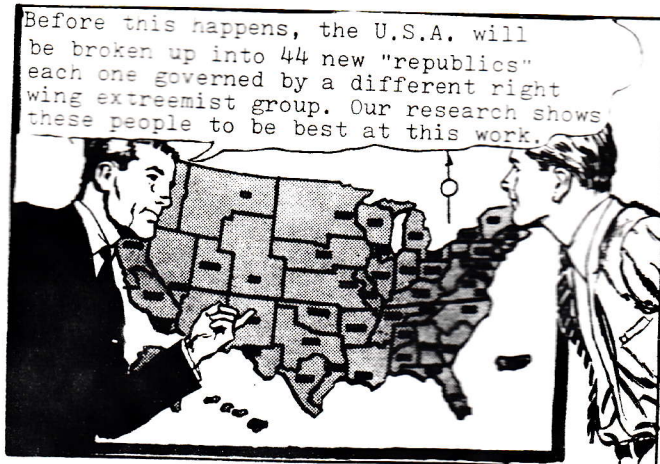


Johnny, we have here the facilities to propagandize the entire world. Those are the only tools we need. The president and congress are only puppets who exist only to keep the masses from feeling powerless. They will do as they are told.









RIB-LETS®

I THOUGHT ABOUT
MORTALITY AND
FOLLICLES.

RISING SLOWLY, I
DISCOVERED MY ROOM
HAD BEEN TRANSFORMED
INTO A HELLISH VISION.

PROTEIN
STARVED, I
STROVE TO
REGAIN A
GRIP ON REALITY -
BUT A GUT FEELING TOLD
ME THIS WAS KANSAS.

I THOUGHT AN
AWFUL LOT
ABOUT THE
LOGISTICS OF
KITCHEN
UTENSILS.

CHILDREN'S VOICES
ROSE UP FROM
SOMEWHERE TO THE
SOUTHEAST.

SMALL
PETS WERE
SUDDENLY APPETIZING.

DALLAS SANG A
SONG TO ME THAT
SAID IT ALL.

LEISURE-TIME
WAS ALL THAT
MATTERED.

SHUNNING TELECOMMUNICATIONS,
I INVALIDATED ALL FORMS OF MEDIA.

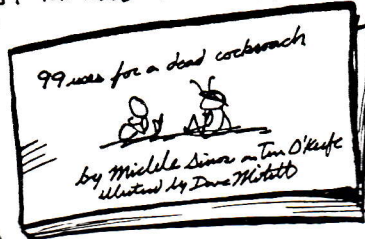
I LEARNED TO
SHOP AT HOME,
THUS - BROADENING
THE SCOPE OF
MY VISTAS.

HOPE THAT
NO ONE
MISSES ME.

STUPID JUNK I'VE DONE

NO. 4,7512 IN A SERIES

IN 1984 I ILLUSTRATED A QUICKIE
RIP-OFF OF THE "DEAD CAT" BOOKS
CALLED "99 USES FOR A DEAD COCKROACH"
(© 1984 MICHELE SIMOS & DR. M. TIMOTHY O'KEEFE)



TO PROMOTE THE BOOK, DR. O.K. AN' MYSELF
DID A TOUR OF FLORIDA DEPARTMENT STORES...

by **MITCHELL 1989**

TIM WORE THIS EMBARRASSING RUBBER COCKROACH
MASK ... I HAD TO DO A FREE CARICATURE
FOR EACH COPY SOLD... (I HATE CARICATUREING!)



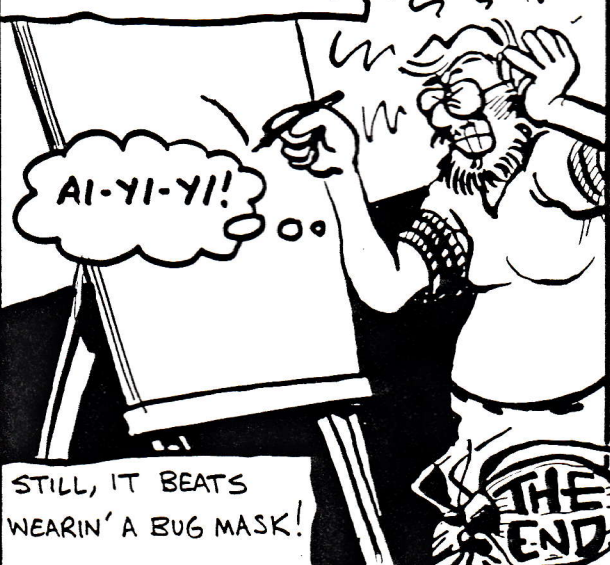
SO IN MIAMI THIS GUY BOUGHT 2 COPIES AND
WANTED 2 DRAWINGS ... TO MAKE HIS SECOND
DRAWING DIFFERENT, I SUGGESTED THAT
TH' GENTLEMAN REMOVE HIS HAT 'N' SHADES...
HE WAS RELUCTANT, BUT FINALLY DID SO ...



I TOOK A SHOTGUN BLAST TO THE
HEAD A FEW YEARS AGO ...



BOY! WAS MY FACE RED!



**THE
END**

nancy

By ERNIE BUSHMILLER®

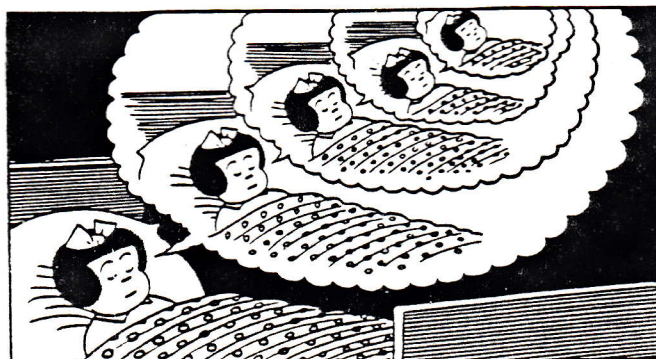
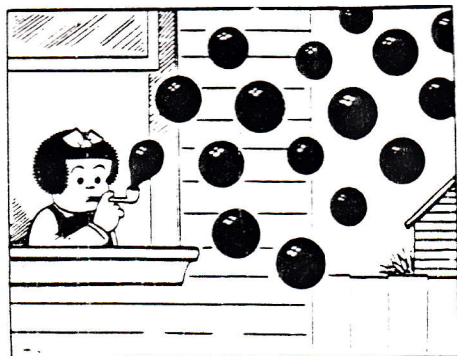
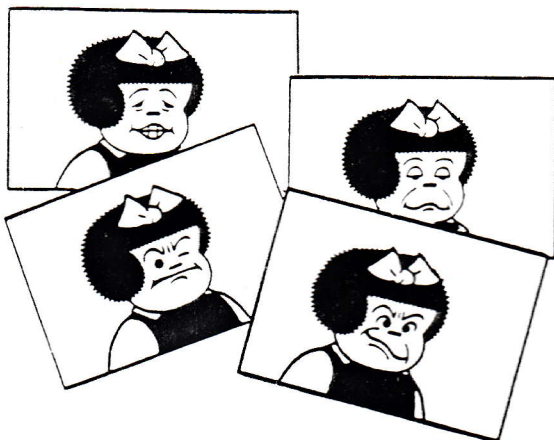
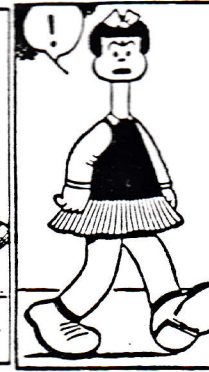
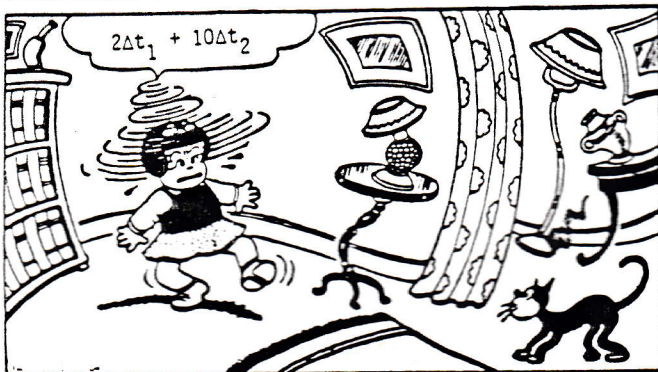
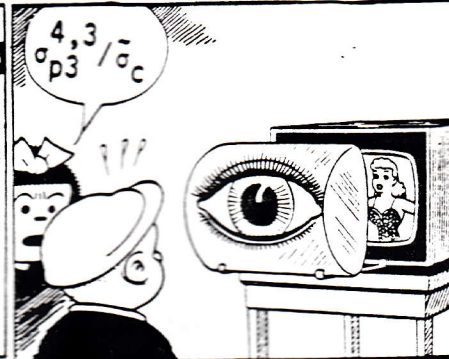
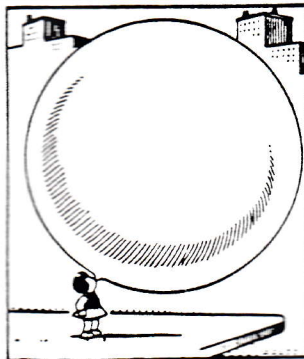
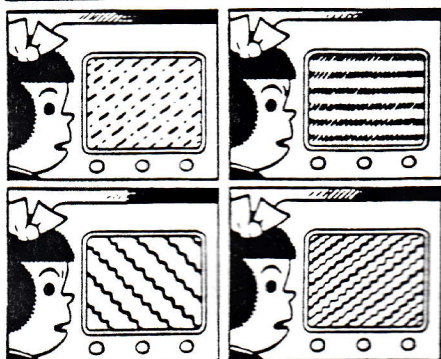
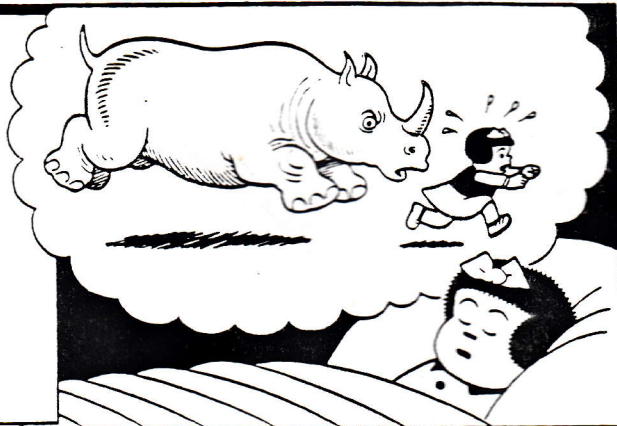


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Back Cover- Ken DeVries



LOOMIS by Dub Jippit



"Hey, wait! I think 'DAD' heard!"



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